

4<sup>th</sup> THE *Eng. Poetry vol 14*  
British Heroes:

OR, A  
NEW BALLAD

In Honour of

St. GEORGE, &c.

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*Favete linguis: Carmina non prius  
Audita, Musarum Sacerdos,  
Canto. Hor.*

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L O N D O N,

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# A Ballad.

## I.



THE Story of King *Authur* old  
 Is very memorable,  
 The Number of his valiant Knights  
 and Roundness of his Table :  
 His Knights around this Table in  
     A Circle sat, de'e see,  
 And all together made up one  
     Large Hoop of Chivalry.  
 He had a Sword both large and sharp,  
     Ycleped *Calibourn*  
 'Twould cut a Flint more easily  
     Than Penknife cuts a Corn.  
 As Case-knife does a Capon carve,  
     So would it carve a Rock,  
 And split a Man at single Slash,  
     From Noddle down to Neck.

He Was the Cream of Brecknock  
Flower of all the Welch.

But George he did the Dragon fell  
And gave him a plaguy Squelch.

St. George he was for England,  
St. Dennis was for France,  
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

## II.

Tamarlain with Tartarian Bow

The Turkish Squadrons slew,  
And fetch'd the Pagan Crescent down  
With half Moon made of Yew.

This trusty Bow proud Turks did gall  
With Showers of Arrows thick,  
And Bow-strings, without strangling, sent  
Grand Viziers to old Nick;

Much Turbants, and much Pagan Pates  
He made to tumble in Dust,  
And Heads of Saracens he fixt  
On Spear, as on a Sign Post.

He coop't in cage Bajazet, the Prop  
Of Mahomet's Religion,  
As if it had been the whispering Bird,  
That prompted him, the Pidgeon.

In Turkey Leather Scabbard he  
Did sheath his Blade so trenchant,

But



But *George* he swing'd the Dragon's Tail  
 And cut off every Inch o'nt.  
*St. George, &c.*

## III.

*Achilles* of old *Chiron* learn'd  
 The great Horse for to ride,  
 H'was taught by *Centaurs* rational Part  
 The Hinnible to bestride.  
 Bright silver Feet and smiling Face  
 Had that stout Heroe's Mother  
 As Rapier's silver'd at one End  
 And wounds you with the other,  
 Her Feet were bright, his Feet were swift  
 As Hawk pursuing Sparrow,  
 Hers had the Metal, his the Speed  
 \* Of *Barfoot's* silver Arrow.  
*Thetis* to double Pedagogue  
 Commits her dearest Boy,  
 Who bred him from a tender Twig  
 To be the Scourge of *Troy*.  
 But e're he lash'd the *Trojans* H'was  
 In *Stygian* Water steep't,  
 As Birch is soaked first in Piss  
 When Boys are to be whipt.

---

\* A famous Letter Carrier of Oxford, vide his Picture.

With Skin exceeding hard he rose  
 From Lake, as black and muddy  
 As Lobsters from the Ocean rise  
 With Shell about their Body :  
 And as from Lobsters broken Claw  
 Pick out the Fish you might,  
 So you might from one unshell'd Heel  
 Dig pieces of the Knight.  
 His Myrmidons robb'd *Priam's* Barns  
 And Hen-roosts, says the Song,  
 Carried away both Corn an Eggs,  
 Like Ants, from whence they sprung.  
 Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloon  
 And sent him down bare-breech't  
 To Pedant *Radamanthus* in  
 A Posture to be switch'd,  
 But *George* he made the Dragon look  
 As if he had been bewitch'd.  
 St. George, &c.

## IV.

The Amazon *Thalestris* was  
 Both beautiful and bold,  
 She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hot  
 And bang'd her Foes with cold.  
 Her Hand was like the Tool wherewith  
 Jove keeps proud Mortals under,



It shone just like his Lightening  
 And batter'd like his Thunder.  
 Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blight  
 The proudest he that swagger'd  
 And melt the Rapier of the Soul  
 In it's coporeal Scabbard.  
 With Beauty, that great *Lapland*-Charm  
 Poor Men she did bewitch all,  
 Still a blind whining Lover had,  
 As *Pallas* had her Screech-Owl.  
 Her Beauty and her Drum to Foes  
 Did cause Amazement double  
 As timorous Larks affrighted are  
 With Light, and eke with Low-bell.  
 She kept the Chastness of a Nun,  
 In Armour, as in Cloyster,  
 But *George* undid the Dragon just  
 As you'd undo an Oyster,  
 St. George, &c.

## V.

Full fatal to the *Romans* was  
 The Carthaginian *Hanni-*  
*bal*, him I mean, who gave to them  
 That devilish Thump at *Cannæ*.  
*Moors* thick as Goats on *Penmanmore*  
 Stood on the *Alps's* front,

Their

Their \* one ey'd Guide, like blinking Mole  
 Bor'd through the hind'ring Mount;  
 Who baffled by the mossy Rock  
 Took Vinegar for Releif,  
 As Plow-men when they hew their Way  
 Through stubborn Rump of Beef,  
 As dancing Lowts from humid Toes  
 Cast Atomes of ill savour  
 To blinking † Hyatt, when on vile Crowd  
 He Merriment does endeavour,  
 And on harmonious Timber saws  
 A wretched Tune to quiver,  
 Just so the Romans sunk at Sight  
 Of African Canniver.  
 The tawny Surface of his Phiz  
 Did serve him for a Vizzard  
 But George he made the Dragon have  
 A Grumbling in his Gizzard.  
 St. George, &c.

## VI.

The Valour of Domitian

It must not be forgotten,  
 Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Fly  
 Freed Suppliant Veal and Mutton.

---

\* Hannibal.

† A one Ey'd Fellow who pretended to make Fiddles, as well as play on 'em; well-known in Oxon.



A Squadron of *Flies* errant,  
 Against the Foe appears,  
 With Regiments of buzzing Knights,  
 And Swarms of Volunteers.  
 The Warlike *Wasp* encourag'd 'em  
 With animating Hum,  
 And the loud brazen *Hornet* next  
 He was their Kettle-Drum.  
 The Spanish *Don Catharido*  
 Did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on Skin of vent'rous Knight  
 Full many a plaguy Blister.  
 A *Bee* whipt through his Button-hole  
 As through Key-hole a Witch,  
 And stab'd him with her little Tuck,  
 Drawn out of Scabbard Breech.  
 But the undaunted Knight lifts up  
 An Arm both big and brawny,  
 And flasht her so, that here lay Head  
 And there lay Bag and Honey.  
 Then 'mongst the Rout he flew as swift  
 As Weapon made by *Cyclops*,  
 And bravely quell'd seditious Buzz  
 By Dint of massy *Fly-Flops*.  
 Surviving *Flies* do Curses breath,  
 And Maggots too at *Cæsar* ;  
 But *George* he shav'd the Dragon's Beard,  
 And *Askelon* was his Razor.

## VII.

The *Gemini* sprung of an Egg,  
 Were put into a Cradle,  
 Their Brains with Knocks and Bottl'd Ale  
 Were oftentimes full addle.  
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these Sons of him  
 That hurls the bold Trifurcate,  
 With Helmet-shell and tender Head,  
 Did tussle with with red-ey'd Polecat.  
 Castor a Horseman, Pollux tho'  
 A Boxer was that wist,  
 The one was fam'd for Iron Heel,  
 Th' other for Leaden Fist.  
 Pollux, to shew he was a God,  
 When he was in a Passion,  
 With Fist made Noses fall down flat  
 By way of Adoration.  
 This Fist as true as *French Disease*  
 Demolish'd Noses Ridges,  
 He, like a certain \* Lord, was fam'd  
 For breaking down of Bridges.  
 Castor the Flame of fiery Steed  
 With well Spur'd Boots took down,

---

\* Lord L---ce broke down the Bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution.



As Men with leathern Buckets do  
 Quench Fire in a Town.  
 His famous Horse that liv'd on Oats  
 Is Sung on Oaten Quill,  
 By Bard's immortal Provender  
 The Nag surviveth still.  
 This Brood of Eggs on none but Rogues  
 Employ'd their brisk Artillery,  
 And flew as naturally at Knaves,  
 As Eggs at Knaves in Pillory.  
 Much Sweat they spent in furious Fight  
 Much Blood they did effund,  
 Their Whites they vented thro' the Pores,  
 Their Yolks thro' gaping Wounds.  
 Then both were cleans'd from Blood and Dust  
 To make a Heavenly Sign,  
 The Lads, just like their Arms, were scour'd,  
 And then hang'd up to shine.  
 Such were the Heavenly double Dicks  
 The Sons of Jove and Tindar  
 But George he cut the Dragon up  
 As if't had been Duck or Windar.  
 St. George, &c.

## VIII.

Pendragon, like his Father Jove,  
 Was fed with Milk of Goat,

And like him made a Noble Shield  
 Of the *Goat's* shaggy Coat.  
 On Top of burnisht Helmet, he  
 Did wear a Crest of Leeks,  
 And Onion Heads, with Dreadful Nod  
 Drew Tears from hostile Cheeks.  
 Itch and *Welch* Blood did make him hot,  
 And very prone by Ire,  
 H' was ting'd with Brimstone like a Watch,  
 And would as soon take Fire.  
 And Brimstone he took inwardly  
 When Scurf gave him Occasion,  
 His postern Puff of Wind was a  
 Sulphureous Exhalation.  
 The *Britain* never tergivers'd  
 But was for adverse Drubbing,  
 And never turn'd his Back for ought  
 But to a Post for Scrubbing.  
 His Sword would Serve for Battel, or  
 For Dinner, if you please;  
 When it had slain a *Cheshire* Man,  
 'Twould toast a *Cheshire* Cheese.  
 He wounded, and in their own Blood  
 Did Anabaptize Pagans  
 But *George* he made the Dragon an  
 Example to all Dragons.  
 St. George, &c.



## IX.

*Gorgon* a twisted Adder wore  
 For Knot upon her Shoulder  
 She kemb'd her hissing Perriwig,  
 And curled Snakes did powder.  
 These Snakes they made stiff Changelings  
 Of all the Folks they hilt on,  
 They turned *Barbers* into Hones  
 And *Masons* into Free-stone.  
 Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*  
 Her Shield to Loadstone changes,  
 Then amorous Sword by Magick Belt  
 Clung fast unto her Haunches.  
 This Shield *Long Village* did protect  
 And kept the Army from Town,  
 And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks  
 That came t' invade \* *Long Compton*.  
 She Post-diluvian Stones unmans,  
 And *Pyrrhus's* Work unravels,  
 And turns *Deucalion's* hardy Boys  
 Back to their primitive Pebbles.  
 Red Noses she to Rubies turn'd,  
 Red Noddles into Bricks,

---

\* A place in Oxfordshire, famous for a parcel of Stones, vide Dr. Plot's History of Oxfordshire.

But *George* made the Dragon laxative,  
 And gave him a Bloody Flix.  
*St. George, &c.*

**X.**  
 Brave *Warwick Guy* at Dinner-time  
 Challeng'd a Giant Savage,  
 When strait came out unweildy Lowt  
 Brimful of Wrath and Cabbage:  
 He had a Phiz of Latitude  
 And was full thick in th' Middle  
 The Checks of puffed Trumpeter  
 And Paunch of \* Squire Beadle.  
 But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak  
 And did upon his Back tread,  
 The valiant *Guy* his Weazon cut,  
 But *Atropos* his Packthread.  
 Besides he fought with a *Dun Cow*,  
 As say the Poets witty,  
 A dreadful *Dun*, and horned too,  
 Like † *Dun* of *Oxford City*.  
 The fervent Dog-days made her mad,  
 By causing Heat of Weather,  
*Sirius* and *Procyon* baited her,  
 As Bull-Dogs did her Father.

---

\* *Tradesmen*  
 † *Men of Bulk answerable to their Places; as is well known in Oxon.*

Graziers



Graziers nor Butchers this fell Beast  
 E're of her Frolick hindred,  
 \* *John Doffet* she'd knock down as flat,  
 As *John* knocks down her Kindred.  
 Her Heels would lay you all along  
 And kick into a Swoon  
 Cow-heels at \* *Fruins* keep up your Corps  
 But here 'twould beat you down.  
 She vanquish'd many a sturdy Wight,  
 And proud was of the Honour,  
 Was puff'd by mauling Butchers so,  
 As if themselves had blown her.  
 At once she kickt, and pusht at *Guy*  
 But all that would not fright him,  
 Who wav'd his Whinniard o'er Sir. *Loin*  
 As if he had gon to knight him.  
 He let her Blood, Frenzy to cure,  
 And eke he did her Gall rip,  
 His Trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit,  
 Ran through the Monsters Bald-Rib.  
 He rear'd up the vast crooked Rib  
 Instead of Arch Triumphal,  
 But *George* hit the Dragon such a Knock  
 As made him on his Bum fall.  
 St. George, &c.

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\* *The Butcher that then serv'd the Colledge.*

† *A Cook who on Fast-Nights was famous for selling Cow-heel and Tripe.*

## XI.

Great *Hercules* the Offspring was  
 Of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,  
 One Part of him Celestial was,  
 One part of him Terren e  
 To Scale the Walls of his Cradle  
 Two fiery Snakes combin'd  
 And just like unto swadling Bands  
 About the Infant twin'd ;  
 But he put out these Dragons Fires  
 And did their Hissing stop,  
 As red hot Iron with hissing Noise  
 Is quench'd in Black-Smiths Shop?  
 He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down  
 Th' Horses of Guests, and new-Commers,  
 For out of Horse-Dung he rais'd Fame  
 As \* *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers.  
 He made a River help him though,  
*Alpheus* was under Groom,  
 The Streams, disgust at Office mean.  
 Went murmuring through the Room.  
 This liquid Hostler to prevent  
 Being tired with a long Work,

---

\* *Paradise Gardener:*



His Father *Neptune's* Trident took  
 Instead of three tooth'd Dung-Fork.  
 This *Hercules* as Soldier, and  
 As Spinster could take pains,  
 His Club it sometimes would spin Flax,  
 And sometimes knock out Brains.  
 H'was forc'd to spin his Miss a Shift,  
 By *Juno's* Wrath and her Spight  
 Fair *Omphale* whip'd him to his Wheel  
 As Cook whips Barking Turn-spit  
 From Man or Churn he well knew how  
 To get him lasting Fame  
 He'd baste a Giant till the Blood,  
 And Milk till Butter came.  
 Often he fought with huge Battoon  
 And often he had boxed,  
 Tap'd a fresh Monster once a Week.  
 As \* *Harvey* does a Hogthead.  
 To stiff *Anteus* he gave such  
 As Folks do in *Cornwall*,  
 But *George* he did the Dragon kill  
 As dead as any Door-Nail.  
 St. George, &c.

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\* A noted Ale-house Keeper, in Oxon.

## XII.

By Boar-Spear *Meleagar* acquir'd  
 An Everlasting Name,  
 And out of Haunch of basted Swine  
 He had eternal Fame.  
 The Beast the Heroe's Trowzers ript  
 And rudely show'd his bare Breech  
 Prick'd out the Wem, and out there came  
 Heroick Guts and Garbbage.  
 Legs were secur'd by Iron Boots  
 No more than Pease by Peascods,  
 Brass Helmets, with inclosed Skulls,  
 Wou'd crackle in's Mouth like Chesnuts.  
 His tawny Hairs erected were  
 By Rage that was resistless,  
 And Wrath, instead of Cobler's Wax,  
 Did stiffen his rising Bristles.  
 His Tusk laid Dogs to sleep, that Whip  
 Nor Bugle Horn could wake 'em,  
 It made them vent both their last Blood  
 And their last *Album Gracum*.  
 But the Knight yoak'd him with his Spear  
 To make of him a tame one,  
 And Arrows thick, instead of Cloves,  
 He stuck in Monster's Gammon.

For



For Monumental Pillar, that  
 His Victory might be known,  
 He raised in Cylindrick Form  
 A Collar of the Brawn.

He sent his Shade to Shades below  
 In *Stygian* Mud to wallow,  
 And eke that stout St. George eft soon  
 He made the Dragon follow.

*St. George he was for England,*  
*St. Dennis was for France,*  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

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F I N I S.

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[ 17 ]

The Monumental Pillar, that  
His Majesty might be known  
The Pillar is a Column of the River  
The Pillar is a Column of the River  
The Pillar is a Column of the River



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